

over Mrs. Longstreet's inability to find suitable lodging.

"Didn't you get the telegram I sent you?" he asked.

"Why, no," said Mrs. Longstreet.

"Why, I sent you a telegram telling you that you could have a tent belonging to Carr's brigade, on the grounds of the house here," replied General Sickles, who called Captain Isaac Gregg, secretary of the Carr's Brigade Association, and had him take Mrs. Longstreet to see the tent. She will remove her belongings to it and henceforth be adequately provided for within earshot of her husband's famous enemy and on the edge of that battlefield where the two fought it out.

After inspecting the tent Mrs. Longstreet strolled over to the pump to get a drink of water and there encountered a Confederate veteran belonging to a Mississippi regiment, one of the few old fellows on the ground who had neglected to gather about her when she read her husband's eulogy. Without revealing her identity at first, she learned that the old man had fought under Longstreet right where they were standing.

"Aren't you glad it was settled the way it was?" Mrs. Longstreet asked. "Yes, ma'am, I am," he replied. "That's, if you mean the whole war."

The veteran showed her the badge of a Pennsylvania Grand Army post which he wore on his breast. He had exchanged it, he said, with a Union veteran who now wore his Confederate emblem.

The Southerner went on to say how embittered the days of reconstruction had left the South for some time, and when she assured him she knew all about it because she was General Longstreet's wife, he bowed, expressed his pleasure at meeting her, and then, picking up the thread of the conversation again, told her he had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan, which, he declared, had saved the South to the white man.

Reunions in Sweltering Heat.

The formal wholesale reunions began to-day in the big tent as the official thermometer in the shade registered 92 degrees. A battalion of regular infantry detailed to relief duty carried out of the tent on stretchers at the height of the ceremonies twenty-five veterans overcome by the heat. Yet most of these survivors of a four-year test of health and strength that mercilessly eliminated the weaker are standing the racket here wonderfully well. As compared with the five thousand other old men who sat through the exercises and whooped and yelled like youngsters as their emotions were played upon by the different speakers, the little squad of twenty-five removed to the rear appears rather insignificant.

Secretary Garrison of the War Department was the central figure of the gathering, but the man who roused the greatest interest and provoked the wildest applause was General Bennett H. Young, commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans. When Governor John K. Tener of Pennsylvania had spoken to the accompaniment of cheers, General Young, who sat behind the chairman on the platform, jumped up.

"I can give you, sir," he announced, "something that nobody else can give you. And in recognition of the splendid hospitality extended to us by the Governor of Pennsylvania I propose that we give you the rebel yell."

The "yell" referred to a little group of gray clad, sweet faced, like the general himself, old men, with the snow white hair and beards which old men grow in the South on their tanned cheeks. They were seated together just behind the chairman, and together they rose to their feet and let out such a wild whoop, three times repeated, as to startle the Governor, facing them, while the great audience of veterans fairly went crazy with joy.

These were the Confederates who paid Governor Tener this unique honor: General Young, General Andrew J. West, of Atlanta; Major General William C. Harrison, of Los Angeles; Colonel C. K. Henderson, of Alken, S. C.; Major General B. H. Tague, of Alken; General C. Irwin Walker, honorary commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans, Charleston, S. C.; Colonel W. B. Woody, of Rockdale, Tex.; Colonel L. H. Marraro, of New Orleans; General A. M. Williams, of Jacksonville; Captain James Dinkins, of New Orleans, and General James MacGill. One

woman took part—Mrs. Lucy Lee Hill MacGill, wife of the general and daughter of General A. P. Hill, commanding the third corps of Lee's army, whose men opened the battle of Gettysburg.

There was more excitement when General Young jumped up to shake the hand of Alfred B. Beers, commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, after the latter had finished his speech. The two commanders in chief stood before the big assemblage clasping hands and smiling in token of their common patriotism.

General Young's speech, while full of the ardent love of the "lost cause," breathed brotherly affection for his former Yankee foes in every sentence. He considered the Gettysburg reunion the sublimest thing that had ever happened on earth, he said, and he gave the old Union veterans all the credit.

When a great chorus of "Noes" checked him at this point, he stuck to his point. "Well, I know better than you," he said. "You men organized this movement and we had nothing to do but come. We had to be asked this time. Last time we came without being asked." Colonel J. M. Schoonmaker, chairman of the Pennsylvania State Commission, presided. The Rev. George Edwards Lovejoy, chaplain in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, made the opening prayer. Secretary Garrison followed, and Governor Tener, Alfred B. Beers and General Young were heard in order named. "Nearer, My God, to Thee," sung by every one, closed the exercises.

Will Restore Captured Flag.

Colonel William d'Alton Mann, who commanded a Michigan cavalry squadron and fought with Stewart's men two miles away from Gettysburg while the battle here was raging, arrived in camp to-day. He brought with him a Confederate battle flag belonging to the 55th Virginia Cavalry, which he captured with his own hands on that occasion. He will return it to Governor William Hodges Mann of Virginia, a distant relative, to-morrow afternoon, at the Governor's headquarters in the seminary.

Every bit of the spare equipment of the United States Army is in use now in the Gettysburg camp, and there seems urgent need of more. Between 5 o'clock last night and 3 o'clock this morning fifty-nine special trains fairly bursting with veterans came into camp at short intervals, until the old battlefield groaned under 55,000 veterans. The army authorities had been told by the Pennsylvania commissioners that they need expect no more than 50,000 at the height of the celebration, and so something like 5,000 old men found themselves unprovided for.

The principal lack was of cots, there being practically enough blankets to go around. Some of the unfortunate veterans were quartered in the big reunion tent with straw bedding, and others were stuffed into tents already containing their full quota and made as comfortable as possible on piles of straw. They are not much better off to-night. A train load of Confederates brought the story that the Baltimore Union Station resembled a lodging house last night, so thick were the sleeping veterans from the South on the floors of the waiting rooms and on the benches, all of them on their way here.

TALK ON LINCOLN AND WAR Telegraph Operator to Help Celebrate Gettysburg Week.

Ocean Grove, N. J., July 1.—Gettysburg week will be celebrated here on the evening of July 3 in the Young People's Temple by an illustrated lecture on "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," by David Homer Bates, one of the survivors of the War Department telegraph staff during the Civil War.

Mr. Bates, who is believed to be the only biographer of Abraham Lincoln who met him daily during the war, was manager and cipher operator in the War Department telegraph office from 1861 to 1865. Two of Mr. Bates' associates in the War Department, Charles A. Tinker and Albert B. Chandler, are still living in Brooklyn.

The translation by Mr. Bates and his associates of two ciphers written by a Confederate emissary in New York in December, 1863, caused Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to rush to New York to lay the information before General John A. Dix, commanding. Within forty-eight hours the conspirators were arrested, and the seizure of two ocean steamers by Confederate agents on Christmas Day prevented. A facsimile of the cipher dispatch will be shown and the key by which it was translated explained by Mr. Bates.

THE GREAT BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG

Full Details from Our Special
Correspondent.

Thursday, Doubtful Issue.

The Battlefield and Disposition for the Great Defensive Battle General Meade Determined On—Rebel and National Lines of Battle—Our Corps and Divisions—The Concentration—Skirmishing—Anxiety for Attack—Sickles Sent to Look for the Enemy—He Finds Them—Short but Terrible Battle—One Contest as Type of Many—The Situation and Gloomy Close—Losses.

(Special Correspondence of Mr. WHITE-LAW REID to the Cincinnati Gazette, from the Army of the Potomac.)

Field of Battle Near Gettysburg, Penn., 4th July, 1863.

Two more days of such fighting as no Northern State ever witnessed before, and Victory at last! Victory for a fated Army, and Salvation for the imperiled Country!

It were folly for one unaided man, leaving the ground within a few hours after the battle has died fitfully out, to undertake a minute detail of the operations on all parts of the field. I dare only attempt the merest outline of its leading features, then off for Cincinnati by the speediest routes.

I have been unable even to learn all I sought concerning the part some of our own Ohio regiments bore—of individual brigades and regiments and batteries I can in the main say nothing. But what one man, not entirely unfamiliar with such scenes before, could see passing over the ground before, during and after the fight I saw; for the rest I must trust to such credible statements by the actors as I have been able to collect.

The Battlefield.

Whoever would carry in his mind a sample map of the great battles of Thursday and Friday, the 2d and 3d, at Gettysburg, has but to conceive a broad capital A bisected by another line drawn from the top and equidistant from each side. These three straight lines meeting at the top of the latter are the three roads along which our army advanced and between and on which lay the battlefield. The junction of the lines is Gettysburg. The middle line, running nearly north and south, is the road to Taneytown. The right hand lines, running southeast, is the Baltimore pike. That on the left is the Emmetsburg road.

Almost at the junction of the lines and resting on the left hand side of the Baltimore pike is the key to the whole position—Cemetery Hill. This constitutes our extreme front, lies just south of Gettysburg Heights, overlooks and completely commands the town, the entire valley to right and left, the whole space over which the rebels advanced to attack our center, and the portion of the woods from which the rebel lines on their center debouched.

Standing on this hill and facing north (toward the town) you have, just across the Baltimore pike, another hill, almost as high and crowned like the Cemetery, with batteries that rake the center front. Farther to the right and rear the country is broken into a series of short, billowy ridges, every summit of which affords a location for a battery. Through these passes the little valley of Rock Creek, crossing the Baltimore turnpike a couple of miles or so from town, and thus affording a good covered way for a rebel movement to attempt (by passing down the valley from the woods beyond this range of hills) to pierce our right wing and penetrate to the rear of our center.

On the left the hills are lower, afford fewer eligible positions for batteries, and are commanded by the heights on the rebel side.

The space between these lines is rolling, and in parts quite hilly; partially under cultivation, the rest lightly timbered; passable nearly everywhere for infantry and cavalry, in most parts for artillery, also.

Our Line of Battle.

The reader can now in an instant trace for himself our line of battle on the bisected A, near the apex, the Cemetery, of course; batteries around the crest; infantry in line of battle down the declivity, in the orchard and sweeping over the Taneytown road and up to that to Emmetsburg.

Then along the stone fence which skirts the hither side of the Emmetsburg road for say half a mile. Then, bending in from the road a little, leaving its possession to our skirmishers alone, and so passing back for a mile and a half farther, in a line growing more and more distant from the Emmetsburg road, and nearer that to Taneytown. These are the lines of Center and Left. Beginning at the Cemetery again, our right stretches across the Baltimore pike and along the range of hills already described, in a direction that grows nearly parallel with the pike, (at a distance from it of a quarter to a half a mile), and down it a couple of miles. Measuring all its sinuosities, the line must be about five miles long.

The Rebel Lines and Order of Battle. All the country fronting this remarkable, horse-shoe line is virtually in the hands of the rebels. It will be seen that their lines must be longer than ours, and that in moving from one point to another of the field they are compelled to make long detours, while our troops can be thrown from Left to Right, or from either to Center, with the utmost ease, and by the shortest routes.

Take the crescent of the new moon, elongate the horns a little, turn the hollow side toward our positions, and you have the general direction the rebels were compelled to give their line of battle. As was seen in Wednesday's fight, Jackson's old corps, under Ewell, formed their Left—opposite our Right; while A. P. Hill held their Center, and Longstreet, who arrived early Thursday morning, their Right.

Our Order of Battle.

On our front the line of battle was arranged by General Meade at an early hour on Thursday morning, as follows: On the Center, holding Cemetery Hill, and the declivity in its front Major-



Left to right—J. T. Brown and Governor Mann of Virginia.

General Howard, with his Eleventh Corps. Across the pike on the adjacent left to the right, what was left of the First Corps. Next to it, and stretching to our extreme Right, Major-General Slocum, with his Twelfth Corps. Beginning again at the Cemetery Hill and going toward the left, we have first, next to Howard, the Second Corps, Major-General Hancock; next to it, the Third, Major-General Sickles; and partly to the rear of the Third and subsequently brought up on the extreme Left, the Fifth Corps, Major-General Sykes. The Sixth Corps, Major-General Sedgwick, was kept near the Taneytown pike in the rear, and constituted the only Reserve of the army.

Corps and Division Commanders. General readers are scarcely likely to be interested in minute details of the organization of the army, but perhaps it will be convenient to have a roster by corps and divisions, at least:

FIRST CORPS—MAJOR-GENERAL REYNOLDS.
First Division.....General Wadsworth
Second Division.....General Doubleday
THIRD CORPS—MAJOR-GENERAL HANCOCK.
First Division.....General Caldwell
Second Division.....General Robinson
THIRD CORPS—MAJOR-GENERAL SICKLES.
First Division.....General Ward
Second Division.....General Humphrey
FIFTH CORPS—LATELY MEADES—MAJOR-GENERAL SYKES.
First Division.....General Barnes
Second Division.....General Sykes
ELEVENTH CORPS—MAJOR-GENERAL HOWARD.
First Division.....Major General Carl Schurz
Second Division.....Brigadier General Steinwehr
THIRD DIVISION.....Brigadier General Barlow
TWELFTH CORPS—MAJOR-GENERAL SLOCUM.
First Division.....General Geary
Second Division.....General Green
THIRD DIVISION.....General Williams

Of the splendid Sixth Corps, which only became engaged as reserves were brought in on Friday, I cannot give the division commander now (there have such changes since Fredericksburg), with any assurance of accuracy.

Our Concentration at Gettysburg. Our troops were not concentrated so early as those of the rebels, and but for their caution in so long feeling about our lines before making an attack, we might have suffered in consequence. Sedgwick's Corps did not all get up till nearly dark Thursday evening, having been sent away toward Westminster with a view to the intended movement on York. The Twelfth Corps had arrived about sunset Wednesday evening, a couple of hours or more after our repulse beyond Gettysburg; the Second and Third during the night, and the Fifth about 10 Thursday morning. For Thursday's fight the Fifth constituted the only reserve.

Thursday Till 4 o'clock. All Thursday forenoon there was lively firing between our skirmishers and those of the enemy, but nothing betokening a general engagement. Standing on Cemetery Hill, which, but for its exposed position, constituted the best point of observation on the field, I could see the long line of our skirmishers stretching around Center and Left, well advanced, lying flat on the ground in the meadows or cornfields and firing at will as they lay. The little street of curling smoke that rose from their guns faded away in a thin vapor that marked the course of the lines down the left. With a glass the rebel line could be even more distinctly seen, every man of them with his blanket strapped over the shoulder—no foolish "stripping for the fight" with these trained soldiers. Occasionally the gray-coated fellows rose from cover, and with a yell rushed on our men, firing as they came. Once or twice in the half hour that I watched them, they did this with such impetuosity as to force our skirmishers back, and call out a shell or two from our nearest batteries—probably the very object their officers had in view.

Toward noon I rode over to General Headquarters, which had been established in a little, square one-story, whitewashed frame house, to the left and rear of the Cemetery, and just under the low hill where our Left joined the Center. No part of the line was visible from the spot, and it had been chosen, I suppose, because while within a three minutes' gallop of the Cemetery, or the hither portion of the Left, it seemed comparatively protected by its situation. The choice was a bad one. Next to the Cemetery, it proved the hottest point on the field.

General Meade had finished his arrangement of the lines. Reports of the skirmishing were coming in; the facts developed by certain reconnaissances were being presented; the trim, well-tailored person of Major General Pleasanton was constantly passing in and out; the cavalry seemed to be in incessant demand. General Williams and Major Barstow, the adjutant generals, were hard at work sending out the orders; aides and orderlies were galloping off and back, General Warren, acting Chief of Staff, was with the General Commanding, poring over the maps of the field which the engineers had just finished; most of the staff were stretched beneath an apple tree, resting while they could.

It seemed that a heavy pressure had been brought to bear for an attack on the enemy by the heads of columns in division, pouring the whole army on the enemy's center and smashing through it after the old Napoleonic plan; but Meade steadily resisted. The enemy was to fight him where he stood, was to come under the range of this long chain of batteries on the crests; wisely decided, as the event proved.

The afternoon passed on in calm and cloudless splendor. From headquarters I rode down the Left, then back to Slocum's headquarters, on a high hill, half or three-quarters of a mile south from the cemetery, on the Baltimore pike. Everywhere quiet, the men stretched lazily on the ground in line of battle, horses attached to the caissons, batteries unlimbered and the gunners resting on their guns.

The thunderbolts were shut up, like Aiolus's winds; it seemed as if the sun might set in peace over all this mighty machinery of destruction, held in calm, magnificent reserve.

The Rebel Attack on the Left. But unseen hands were letting loose the elements. General Meade had not failed to see the comparatively exposed position of our Left, and between 3 and 4 the order was sent out for the extreme Left—then formed by Sickles' (Third) Corps—to advance. If the enemy was preparing to attack us there our advance would soon unmask his movements.

It did. The corps moved out, spiritedly, of course—when, even in disastrous days, did it go otherwise to battle?—and by 4 o'clock had found the rebel advance. Longstreet was bringing up his whole corps—nearly a third of the rebel army—to precipitate upon our extreme Left. The fight at once opened, with artillery first, presently with crashing roars of musketry, too. Rebel batteries were all ready in position, and some of them enfiladed Sickles' line. Our own were hastily set to work, and the most dangerous of the rebel guns were partially silenced. There came a rebel charge, with the wild yell and rush; it is met by a storm of grape and canister from our guns, depressed to rake them in easy range. The line is shattered and sent whirling back on the instant. Long columns almost immediately afterward begin to debouch from the woods to the rear of the rebel batteries—another and a grander charge is preparing. General Warren, who as acting Chief of Staff is overlooking the fight for the Commanding General, sends back for more troops. Alas! Poor Sedgwick's corps is not yet available. We have only

the Fifth for the Reserves. Howard and Hancock are already at work on the center and left center. But Hancock advances, and the fire grows intenser still along the whole line of the Left.

Meantime, Cemetery Hill is raked at once from Front and Left, and the shells from rebel batteries on the Left carry over even into the positions held by our Right. The battle rages on but one side, but death moves visibly over the whole field from line to line, and front to rear. Trains are hurried away on the Baltimore pike; the unemployed debris of the army takes alarm, a panic in the rear seems impending. Guards thrown hastily across the roads to send the runaways back do something to repress it.

The rebel lines we have seen debouching behind their batteries on Sickles' front slowly advance. The fight rose desperately, aide after aide is sent for re-inforcements; our front wavers, the line of flame and smoke ways to and fro but slowly settles backward. Sickles is being not driven but pushed back. At last the Reserve comes in, the advance of the brigades of the Fifth went down among the rocks and enter the smoke, line braces up, advances, halts soon, but comes no more back. The Left is not overpowered yet. We have had two hours of exceedingly severe artillery and musketry fighting. The enemy still holds a little of the ground we had, but the chances seem almost even.

One Phase—A Type of Many.

I cannot trace the movements further in detail; let me give one phase of the fight, fit type of many more. Some Massachusetts batteries—Capt. Bigelow's, Capt. Phillips', two or three more under Capt. McGilvery of Maine—were planted on the extreme left, advanced now well down to the Emmetsburg road, with infantry in their front—the first division, I think, of Sickles' corps. A little after five a fierce rebel charge drove back the infantry and menaced the batteries. Orders are sent to Bigelow, on the extreme left, to hold his position at every hazard short of sheer annihilation, till a couple more batteries can be brought to his support. Reserving his fire a little, then with depressed guns opening with double charges of grape and canister, he smites and shatters, but cannot break the advancing line. His grape and canister are exhausted, and still, closing grandly up over their slain, on they come. He falls back on spherical case, and pours this in at the shortest range. On, still onward, comes the artillery-defying line, and still he holds his position. They are within six paces of the guns—he fires again. Once more, and he blows devoted soldiers from his very muzzles. And still mindful of that solemn order, he holds his place. They spring upon his carriages and shoot down his forces! And then, his Yankee artillerists still about him, he seizes the guns by hand and from the very front of that line drags two of them off. The caissons are further back—five out of six are saved.

That single company in that half hour's fight, lost thirty-three of its men, including every sergeant it had. The captain himself was wounded. Yet it was the first time it was ever under fire! I give it simply as a type. So they fought along that fiery line!

The rebels now poured on Phillips' battery, and it, too, was forced to drag off the pieces by hand when the horses were shot down. From a new position it opened again; and at last the two reinforcing batteries came upon the gallop. An enfilading fire swept the rebel line; Sickles' gallant infantry charged, the rebel line swept back on a reluctant tide—we regained the lost ground, and every gun just lost in this splendid fight.

Once more, I repeat, this is but a type. Slocum, too, came into the fight. The reserves were used up; the Right seemed safe. It was believed from the terrific attack that the whole rebel army, Ewell's corps included, was massed on our center and left; and so a single brigade was left to hold the rifle pits constructed through the day along the whole line of the Twelfth, on the right; and the rest of the corps came across the little neck of land to strengthen our weakening line. Needless, perhaps, but perilous in the extreme.

The Close.

At 6 the cannonade grew fiercer than ever, and the storm of death swept over the field from then till darkness ended the conflict. In the main our strengthened columns held the line; at points they were forced back a little; a few prisoners were lost. On the whole the rebels were unsuccessful, but we had not quite held our own.

Some caissons had been blown up on either side; a barn on the Emmetsburg Road was fired by the rebel shells, and its light gave their sharpshooters a little longer time at their arms exhausted, but insatiate, to wait for the dawning.

Results and Doubtful Issue.

The Third and Second Corps were badly shattered. The Eleventh had not been quite so much engaged—its artillery had kept the rebels at a greater distance—but it had behaved well. Sickles was wounded—a leg shot off; General Zook was killed; our own old townsman, Colonel Cross, was killed; the farmhouses and barns for miles were filled with the wounded. The rebels had left us Barksdale, dying; what other losses they had met we could only conjecture from the piles of dead the last rays of the sun had shown along their front.

And so, with doubtful prospects, darkness came, a wall between us, and compelled nature's truce. From the Right there came sudden, sharp volleys of cheers; Ewell had not gone; a hasty rush had carried some of Slocum's rifle pits, protected only by the long drawn out line of a single brigade. It was a gloomy close. That was our strongest point, where Jackson's men had gained this fortified foothold.

Now, indeed, if ever, may the Nation well wrestle with God in prayer. We have fought but three hours and a half; have lost on both flanks; have called every reserve we had on the field into action, and with daybreak must hold these shattered columns to the work again. Well may the Land take up the refrain of Baker's touching hymn for the Philadelphia Fourth:

"Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!
All our homes are red with blood;
Long our grief we have withstood!
Every little, each door post
Drips, at tidings from the host,
With the blood of some one lost.
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!"

—AGATE.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 1, 2 AND 3, 1863

COMMANDERS—Army of the Potomac, Major General George G. Meade; Army of Northern Virginia, General Robert E. Lee.

FORCES—Army of the Potomac, 93,500, about 83,500 engaged; Army of Northern Virginia, 75,500, nearly all engaged.

THE BATTLE OF JULY 2.

The morning of July 2 was spent by the two armies in preparations for another battle. Meade had by noon all his forces on the field, except the Sixth Corps, numbering about 16,000 men, which was still on the way from Manchester, Md. Buford's division of cavalry was detached to Frederick, Md., but by an oversight no other cavalry force was supplied to guard the Federal left flank. Lee's army was completely assembled, except Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps.

By a misunderstanding between General Meade and Major General Sickles, commanding the Third Corps, that corps failed to occupy a continuation of the Federal line, southward to Little Round Top. It was pushed forward nearly a mile and drawn up on two sides of a triangle, the apex being at the Peach Orchard, on the Emmetsburg Road. Both wings of the corps were in the air. In that isolated position it was much nearer to the Confederate front and subject to converging attacks. Moreover, it did not cover Little Round Top, the key to the whole Federal position on that part of the field.

Meade did not realize the exposed condition of the Third Corps until he visited the left wing, about 3 p. m. He saw then that a withdrawal to the original line was impossible, since Longstreet had by that time formed his two divisions—Hood's and McLaws's—for an assault on the left end of the Federal line. That assault was furiously made, and the Third Corps was gradually driven back a half to three-quarters of a mile. Little Round Top was saved only by the alertness and energy of General Warren. Meade, taking personal charge on the left, hurried forward the Fifth Corps, parts of the Twelfth Corps, the latter taken from the extreme Federal right, and a few commands from the Sixth Corps, now arriving, and checked Longstreet by 6 p. m. By 7 p. m. the Confederate forces were driven back a little. The fighting on the Union left was the most desperate of the battle and resulted in enormous losses to both sides.

About 7 p. m. a part of Early's division of Ewell's corps assaulted the Federal right center on Cemetery Hill, but was repulsed. After dusk Johnson's division of Ewell's corps advanced on Culp's Hill, on the Federal right, and, finding the first line of intrenchments vacated, the troops there having gone to the aid of the Federal left wing, occupied that line for the night.

Kennedy
Russell Oxfords, the Ideal Summer Shoe
for "lookers." Coolness and comfort
on flat-sole English lasts, low broad heels.

3.98 Worth \$6.00

Nettleton's Shoes, \$5.00
Charles Cor's, \$7.00

You'll pay a custom shoemaker \$8.00 to \$10.00 for equal style and workmanship.
June Clearance of Small Lots

\$4.00 Tan Low Shoes at \$2.60
\$1.49, sizes badly broken, were \$3.50
\$1.95 Fairly Good Sizes, were \$3.50
High and Low Shoes. All Leathers.

LEWIS & CONGER

Housefurnishing Warerooms

Cooking Utensils and moulds of every description, Cutlery, Earthenware, Kitchen and Laundry Furniture, Brushes, House Cleaning Materials and Polishes, Carpet Sweepers, Vacuum Cleaners, etc., etc.

Refrigerators that are sanitary, efficient and economical; Glass Lined, Metal Lined, Vitrified Steel Lined.

HAMMOCKS, LAWN UMBRELLAS, TABLES AND SEATS.

Nursery and Sick Room Requisites.

Fine Cut Glass, China and Art-Metal Goods in extensive variety, suitable for Wedding and Holiday Gifts.

45th Street and Sixth Avenue.